ence. Yes, I am very fond of Irving also,

I was speaking to him one night of the great exhaustion caused by an evening devoted to recitations. 'Yes,' he said,

'the strain on an elocutionist is much greater than on an actor. An elocution-

ist has to paint his own scenery, portray

various characters and bear the whole

load of the evening's entertainment. An actor has none of these disadvantages and does not feel at the end of a long

plece the exhaustion which comes of necessity to the elocutionist.' His words,

I remember, recalled to my mind some

remarks of Miss Mary Anderson regard-

ing amateur theatricals. She said: Have nothing to do with them. They are a tremendous strain on the nerves and do

not pay one who has a high ideal of dra-matic art."

"But what am I to do?" continued Mrs. Potter. "It is almost impossible to

say 'no,' when you are asked to play or recite for some deserving charity.

sane asylums, hospitals, &c., are continually asking for my services. I have sometimes recited at three or four differ-

ent institutions in one evening. The

physical strain is very great."
"You do not look as though you had

received any permanent injury from your career as an elocutionist."
"No; I don't think I have. I possess

How to Make a Poem.

"Pray, tell me truly," I said to a sage,
The master of mysterics rure.
Who had read every po most every age.
No matter by who most every age.
"Pray, tell me cruly, how po ms are made,"
(I knew that full many a line.
The sage in the grove of the Muses had strayed,
And had clothed his bright fancies in

"Let your gonius, my son," he replied, "have its way.

In spi e indefiance of sense;
But govern right well its synthetical play
On number and gendor and tens.

Por, know y-u, at times the affit us divine
Needs n it, in a sensible way.
Just as many a b and of most delicate wine
N cuts a cisi-a to give it bouquet.

Yet, though sense and eke reason are oft in
demand.

To help the rhyme syllables out, That roym is the rudder of verse, under-

There is not a scintilla of toubt.

To now, if you'd count on the Muse as your friend,

friend,
And would never in poetry fail,
Guise the sense of your lines by the rhymes
at the end,
Just as bu chers steer calves by the tail.
It's be jiven that penses the average cut—
The music of rhytt mand thyme;
Keep this well in mind, and, my son, never
fear

frar
But you'll rank as a poet in time."
—Gath Brittle.

JOHN HARVEY'S MISTAKE.

A life was passing away, softly and no wealth eased its painful joitings on her crossed arms, was Bei Urmson. along the road to death; yet no word passed Clara Lester's lips; no traitorous she could bear came from her loyal heart. Pain had traced many a wrinkle on her fair forehead, but her brows had never been drawn together in angry

Bel Urmson, loving her sister devotedly, and tending her daily, was kept in ignorance of her danger, and never suspected the slenderness of her hold on around his neck and kissed nim. life. Bel only saw that Clara was Gently and tenderly he led he young, and beautiful, and delicate. Yes, she was delicate; but then Clara had been delicate from her childhood, and since that dreadful morning when news came to them that the steamship Cawnpore had been wrecked off the African Heywood-the old lover. coast, and Capt. Lester's name had appeared among the passengers drowned or missing, his young bride Clara Lester had, as Margaret expressed it, never raised her head. Death and her sister were, however, never associated in Bei half an hour later be had left Sutton ter had, as Margaret expressed it, never Urmson's mind. Clara was delicate and that was all.

Three years had run their course since the wreck of the Cawnpore and Capt. Lester had never come back to his wife; her that, though he could not but grateand now, she whispered to herself, she

was going to him.

Before Bel had attained her 18th year she was engaged to be married to Lieut. Heywood, a young officer in the ---th Hussars; but a misunderstanding had arisen between them, and they parted. Clara used to say to her, "I am sure it up and laid it away in her desk. there is only some foolish mistake between you, and some day Lieut. Heything will be explained.

But Bel had laughed scornfully at Clara's prophecy and refused to place any confidence in it. Her disappointment had shaken her confidence in human goodness and integrity, and she became suspicious, reticent, and sareastic. But gradually Clara Lester's influence effected a change, and two years later Bel Urmson had learned to love again and was once more engaged to be married.

One morning Bel was seated on a low stool by her sister's couch, her chin resting on ber hand and ber eyes gazing vacantly on the floor. She had been silent for a long time, when suddenly she spoke.

"I thought John ought to know that I had loved before, and so I told him the story of my love. Was I right?" and she turned her dark, handsome face to her sister, while her glorious brown eyes seem to repeat her question. "Was I right?"

"Quite right," Clara answered; "you have only forestailed the advice I intended to give you to-day. And he, Bel -what did Mr. Harvey say?"

A blush crept up the girl's cheeks, and her eyelids drooped for an instant as she said: "I don't think he liked it, Clara, he

looked so disappointed; but he said very little But I do love him, and he has no cause for jealousy. But he is jealous —jealous as Othello"—and with a light, careless laugh she turned away. "I'm sure Bel does not love him." the

sister murmured, squeezing her fingers together in agony at the thought. I have come earlier than usual said John Harvey, who now entered.

"The fact is. I have received a telegram from my father informing me of his arrival in England and requesting my immediate presence in Southampton, because, as he expresses it, he is not so well. I do not suppose it is anything serious; nevertheless, I am obliged to leave Sutton to-night."

"I am sorry," Clara said. "I hope you will find him better, John," she continued, leaning over and laying her band in his, "my life is so uncertain, I may never see you again. Don't start the thought is not new to me. Promise me—I will not ask you to swear it, for a man's word should be binding as his oath-but promise me now, before I die, to be always kind to Bel.

Startled and surprised though he was, without a moment's hesitation he anawered:

"I promise. To the utmost of my power I will be good to your darling. "Thank you," she murmured as her sister and the nurse made their appearance. "And now, if you will take Bel away, Margaret shall help me go to my

room. Good-by, John."
He shook hands with her, expressing hope that when he returned he should find her stronger. Then he and Bel walked to the small iron gate which divided Mr. Lester's miniature garden from Sutton Common, and pausing there he asked:

"Bel, will you write to me while I am They had been engaged only a month,

and this was their first separation; nevertheless, she answered with warm de-"No; you will live on my letters and be in no hurry to come back to me.' That same night, Clara Lester found the release for which she had so long

"I will never listen to any of Bel's

mad projects again," was John Harver's mental resolution as he stepned out upon the platform of Sutton Sta-"I have been away only a fortnight, and it seems an age since I bade

her good-by at the gate. 13

As he approached the cottage his attention was attracted by the figure of a gentleman walking before him-he was the stranger who had spoken to the porters at Sutton Station.

He was several yards in advance of John Harvey, not walking in the desultory, purposeless manner of a stranger, but like one who, having an object to accomplish, was already in view of the goal for its attainment.

"A fine fellow!" was John's soliloquy. "But I wonder who he is and where he

Almost in answer to the query the stranger pushed open the gate of the cottage, and, entering, closed it behind

In a few seconds more John Harvey gained the gate and, pausing outside, looked once more on the dear familiar scene. The fine old chestnut spread out its branches in the sunlight, and yielded the same cool shelter under its leaves which it had yielded a fortnight before, but Clara's coach was no longer there. Only the small, rustic table and wide gently it was gliding into eternity. No garden-seat were there, and on a low eminent physician watched its decay; enair beside the table, her face buried

The stranger had walked silently and unnoticed across the greensward, and, ery that her burden was greater than standing within a few yards of her, was attentively regarding her.

The girl raised her head and looked at him, then, grasping the back of her chair, slowly rose to her feet.

With a little cry of joy she ran to him and be folded her in his arms and kissed her. She did not shrink from his caresses; on the contrary, she put her arms

Gently and tenderly he led her to the garden seat; and, seated there, their olces became an indistinct murmur to John Harvey, and he heard no more. "I know him now," he muttered between his clenched teeth; "Lieutenant

With an imprecation still on his lips

forever. Two days after his departure Bel Urmson held in her hands a letter from him bidding her farewell and telling fully appreciate her endeavor to love him, yet knowing as he did know that she had never forgotten her first love be had decided to adopt the only course left open to him and go away.

With a pale face and trembling fingers Bel read the letter, then she folded

At ten minutes to 8 o'clock on the dendale rang out its summons. Ding-dong, ding-dong, pealed along High street from end to end, over the playground rolled the lusty tones and the cognized the familiar "iron tongue" and with one accord hastened to the

momentary advantage in the race to be first at school.

"Good morning, children." the smile broadened into a grin on the little faces as the speaker left her desk and came toward them. She had a laxed and a little license permitted even so strict a disciplinarian as Bel

for sorrow and care had washed the roses from her cheeks; but no one gazing on the pale, beautiful face ever loubted the fact that her spinsterhood was maintained from her own choice. She was standing up, the children gathered around her preparatory to

their dismissal at noon, when the door opened and the Vicar of Chippendale entered, followed by a gentleman. "Good morning, Miss Urmson," he said, shaking hands with her and nodding to the children. "I am glad you

have not dismissed your scholars, as I wished my friend to see them. I cannot myself stay to give him any information about them; but if you will kindly tell him about them I shall feel very much obliged. Mr. Harvey, Miss

Startling and unexpected as the meeting was, Bel did not lose her self-possession. The coldest, stiffest inclination of her head acknowledged the introduction, then she turned aside and remained silent, with a ringing in her ears that almost deafened her, and a mist before her eyes which blinded her to everything save the face of John Har-But presently she saw by the children's movements that the vicar was leaving; she heard his retreating footsteps, and, after a pause, she raised her head and said:

"Children, you may go. Quietly and decorously they trooped out of the room, but not until their footsteps had died away did she turn to

John Harvey. "Why did you come here?" she asked. "I certainly did not come with any idea that I should see you," he replied I need hardly assure you that had I known of your presence here I should have avoided coming to Chippendale

altogether. Then you would still shun me?" "I would. It is the wisest, the only

course I can pursue." She was silent, debating within herself whether to bid him go and pursue the same course again or to detain him and ask for an explanation of the letter as it may appear to you, yet the fact is under threats, to sing the praises of the separated from the main body of the still locked away in her desk. It was more dignified, more consonant with belled against the putting aside of probable bappiness.

"You sent a letter some years ago," she began, hesitating and blushing like a guilty child. "I never understood it; will you explain it to me now?"

He looked at her and smiled. What coquets all women are! And Bel, beau-tiful Bel, was as fickle as the rest. She had wavered between the old and the new love years ago, when he had gone away and left ner to be true and now be found her still unmarried, working, struggling for her daily bread, and desiring to win him back-a desire as despicable as it was futile.

"Bygones are best left to slumber," he said. "I will wish you good morning.

"Don't go," she said gently. "Tell me what you meant?" "When Lieut. Heywood came back to claim his own what could I do but ab-

diente? "Lieut Heywood?" she repeated, knitting her brows in perplexity. "I have not seen him."

"Perhaps not lately," he said and laughed. Then, becoming suddenly grave, he continued: "I wish you would try to understand me without forcing me to be more explicit."

"Speak plainly. I have nothing to fear in any revelation you can make."

Proudly, fearlessly her eyes met his, and for the first time there dawned on him the possibility that he had been mistaken in the identity of Lieut. Heywood; but no, that was not possible Nevertheless his manner softened as he

"Then listen. The Thursday that I proposed to return to Sutton I did return. At 'The Griffin' I heard of Mrs. Lester's death, filled with tenderness and love for you; but some one preceded me thither-a young, good-looking man, with the unmistakable military stamp upon him. He went to you and I paused at the gate and saw you meet him. I did not blame you, child; to be true to him you had to be false to me; but," with a flickering smile, "perhaps you know I was very jealous, even from the first, of Lieut. Heywood."

It was long since Bel Urmson's face had worn so happy and blissful a smile. "It was not Lieut. Heywood who came to me that evening, but my brother-in-law, Capt. Lester.

"Capt. Lester! He was drowned before I met you." "So we thought, but we were mistaken. He was picked up by an African coasting vessel and carried to Loango, and thence to several places on the Congo. He was kept a prisoner for several rears, and," with a little shudder, "I cannot tell you all the cruelties they made him suffer. Finally he effected his escape and lauded in England a fortnight after Clara died." Her voice shook a little and she paus-

"Do you biame me now," she asked. and theu broke down in a waiting, piteous ery. "John, forgive me, for I have been true in my love for you.' "My poor love!" be whispered.

Tobacco-Growing in England.

In reply to an inquiry as to the result after Mrs. Lester's death, the bell over Lord Harris, writing from Huntingfield, the porch of the village school at Chip-dendale rang out its summons. Ding-been so far less elaborate than Mr. De Laune's that an account of it would lack the interest raised, and justly so, in his attempt to prove the feasibility children stopped their play as they re- of growing and drying tobacco in England. I planted about ten rods in a garden at Belmont with two sorts (the broad leaf and long leaf), but the intervals-two feet by three feet-were not ing, laughing, shouting, striking out at each other as one or the other gained a the plants when in full growth, and consequently many suckers which should have been nipped out on appearance, shot up and robbed the leaves The voice was full and pleasant, and that formed the crop. They also knocked each other about a good deal in high winds. The land was not manured, but it is good land, and the plantation grew so vigorously as to resemble a tropical jungle. I cut very late in September, after there had been two or three slight frosts, but the plants and her young son were seated in a seemed in no way affected. In harvest, word and a smile for each, for it was the opening day of school after the mid-summer holidays, and rules were re-late in September, after there had been seemed in no way affected. In harvest-Urmson.

Yes, she was Miss Urmson still—not que the same Bel of five years before, for sorrow and care had washed the go some pressure, whereby fermenta-tion is set up, and I am inclined to think that it has been the omission of this last process which has induced poople who have surreptitiously smoked English-grown tobacco to declare that it was flavorless." Lord Harris adds that no difficulties whatever have been thrown in the way by the excise officers.

A New Way to Get an Appetite. This morning a dyspeptic-looking

A TURKISH WEDDING.

All weddings in Turkey, among are arranged by old women and are excepting of course, man, and they groom holds fete several days at his home for his men friends, and the prospective bride at her home with her by our women, both civilized and savmight before the wedding the married women of her acquaintance come and eat the married woman's dinner with her, which consists principally, as Sam Weller would say, of a "swarry" of leg of mutton and trimmings. The next day the bride is taken to the bridegroom's house in a sedan chair, with a retinue of slaves carrying her wedding presents on trays on their heads, covered with colored tarlatan. The procession is sometimes quite imposing. The bride's sometimes quite imposing. The bride's wattles, the most splendid topknots, female relatives are also there in the and even the iris of the eye is somenew harem until nightfall, and they retire to their homes, leaving the bride sitting on a sort of throne, veiled. The bridegroom is then admitted, and he is to throw himself at the bride's feet and offer her his wedding present of some vided. He is, as a rule, the sweetest handsome jewelry and beg her to raise her veil and strike him blind by her beauty. Sometimes he is struck dumb by her ugliness, for he never looks on

mhile, but Turkish women are not good case with the palamadea. wothers. They are too child-like themselves. When a girl is born to a Sultan they are seven guns; when a boy, twenty-one. The boys die early; the girls are more apt to live. This is supposed are more apt to live. This is supposed to be a divine interposition of Provi- paracisea apoda (and which is not the dence to prevent too many claimants most beautiful of the species), when to the throne. Babies are dressed like vertically erected and made to vibrate, mummies in swaddling clothes for six are described as forming a sort of halo, months; then the boys are put in trous in the center of which the head "looks ers, sometimes in generals' or colonels' like a little emerald sun, with its rays tinued. "from any disloyalty to my nauniforms, regularly made.

mony is considered necessary more bald, and of a rich cobalt blue, crossed than to present his bride. The new by several lines of black, velvety feathers. our Minister to France, and I shall take Sultan inherits all the widows and Many birds of elegant plumage, such as advantage of that fact to spend the winslaves of his predecessor, and every egrets and herons, retain their nuptial ter in Paris. I want to study the French tear of his reign, at the feast of the plumes only during the summer; birds language and literature and French art Ramazan, he receives a new one from his mother and takes any other girl or woman to his harem who happens to ing the winter. Whether it is the restrike his fancy. Slaves who become suit of their surpassing beauty, or to on one. I have been to the Holy Land. mothers are instantly promoted to the other causes, can not be said, but birds Mr. Potter and I spent a Fourth of July rank of Sultana. Six months before of paradise are great polygamists, the two years ago just across the Arctic Cirthe feast of Ramazan the Valide Sultana male having generally fifteen wives. orders that all the young candidates be brought to her, and she chooses fifteen these birds lived solely in the air, but and sometimes more of the lot. These that has long since been exploded, in are immediately put under diet and common with the mediæval notion that training, and at the beginning of the a certain species of the goose grew upon great feast she again chooses, and this trees.—New Orleans Picayune. time the choice is final. At the evening of the appointed day the Sultan, upon retiring, finds his new bride standing nude, with folded hands and lowered eyes at the foot of his bed. After he has retired she must lift the bed-clothes at the foot and crawl into bed in that

way as a sign of subjection. Girls arrive at legal majority at 9 years of age and are frequently married at 10. Children of 12 and 13 are often seen with babies of their own. They are old at 25. The old Turkish women have a hard lot of it. Beyond a respect for age which they contrive to inspire by tooth and nail among other wives younger than they, their lives are not happy. Stid they are provided for, and as long as a man lives he feeds his family, one and all alike. - Brooklyn Magazine.

Polite Diction in Rochester. street car near the Four Corners. The -where the law is evaded -rather than erop cut was made an inch or two using slang. He wore a fashionable my life." And she departed in disgust, lower, and the plants straddled over suit and held a tennis racket in his -Ph ladelph a Builetin. laths, which were removed by the wagon-load to a green-house and rested on a temporary structure. We found friend of the remarkable docility and the stem of the long-leaved variety far politeness of her son and especially of more woody than that of the broad-leaved. My intention had been to pro-duce the yellow or golden-colored tobac-would not deviate from the cowwect preferred waiting on men, and this was co, but I found I could not get the house fawm of expression undah any circumabove 110 degrees in the middle of the stawness." Just then a newsboy poked day, so I had to be contented with his head through the car door and yell-gradual drying, resulting only in a ed: "Paper only 2 cents." The juveyellbrown tobacco. I have had no one in the trade down as yet to see my crop, so it is impossible for me to say whether my experiment has been so successful as burst out with "Cheese that, or I'll give black stockings. Of course, they were Mr. De Laune's, but to my inexperienced eye there is little difference as to appearance and texture between the two crops. I should imagine that it is impossible as yet to draw any comparison face of the horrified mother was a study. and then asked if we had any more. between our samples and any imported, As soon as she could catch her breath told her no, and then she said I might say American tobacco, because it is she gently observed: "Just wait till I wrap up one pair for her. The lady evident that the latter, whatever the process of packing may be, must under-tend to your case."—Rochester Post-Ez-gentlemen while I was fooling with the

How Germany Treats Spies.

The Paris Matin gives its readers the following information respecting the man entered a blacksmith shop at Rond-out. He waited until the blacksmith dividual. Nevertheless, the accused hearing the mysterious sound of a bell in put a hot shoe to the foot of the horse that was being shod, when he bent ment, after having already suffered to the conclusion that the house was down and drew in with his nostrils several draughts of smoke that rose from cion. He has since been to all intents ally heard of their neighbor's doings, the burning hoof. After the man left and purposes as one dead to his family. who now is to be fined, if he loses the shop a reporter of the Freeman ask- It has only been with the greatest suit, for creating a nuisance. ed the blacksmith if the man who had difficulty that he has succeeded in objust taken his departure was crazy. 'O, taining permission from the authorities On the eastern coast of the Caspian no," responded the blacksmith, "he is to write a few lines every quarter. In Sea a curious change is in progress. only working up an appetite. Strange this epistle, moreover, he is compelled. The Kara Bobhaz is an estuary nearly true that inhalation into the lungs of smoke from a horse's hoof when it is victim. He has to herd with thieves an inlet. The evaporation from this highest." her self-esteem to send him away, but her weak, loving, womanly nature rebelled against the putting aside of now go home and eat a good square on no account permitted to see a physical illness, is and although suffering from a most painful physical illness, is ly sets in from the Caspian, and as rett. Mrs. Potter?"

"What do you to see the putting aside of now go home and eat a good square on no account permitted to see a physical illness, is ly sets in from the Caspian, and as rett. Mrs. Potter?"

"What do you to see a physical illness, is ly sets in from the Caspian, and as rett. Mrs. Potter?"

"Oh, I admire the putting aside of love to see a physical illness, is love to meal. He came into the shop for an cian. The Belgian government has, it comes more and more saliferous, and a was out here to see us Sunday night and

BIRDS OF PARADISE.

Marriage Customs Among the Faithful The Males Attractive by Their Adorn-Servants of the Sultan. ments and Their Voices.

Mr. Darwin has said: "Birds appear Turks, whether in provinces or cities, to be the most asthetic of all animals, complicated, tedious affairs. The bride- have nearly the same taste for the beautiyoung friends—girls, of course. The night before the wedding the married plumes and using gems which are hardwhich the face until after the wedding.

When a babe is born in any house linaceous birds are provided with spurs. there is great rejoicing if it be a boy, and some even have single and double less if a girl. The wife is proud for a sets of spurs upon their wings, as is the

Maje birds of paradise are, without Lake, and as she sat in the pretty parlor formed by the two plumes." In an- tive land that I hurry back to Europe. When the Sultan takes a wife no cere- other most beautiful species the head is An American is always an American.

Would Rather Run the Risk.

There is a law which compels hotel proprietors to have some sort of fire room in listen to their house. In the Girard House the how well a poet may paint the beauties style of escape used consists of a huge of nature, his verse will never be popurope with hooks to clasp the window lar for recitations unless he has the dra ledge and a sliding arrangement by matic instinct. An audience grows rest-which the guest may lower himself at less if you do not talk to them of people. whatever speed he will. One of these is of human life, of something besides land placed in every apartment directly un- scapes and metaphysics. An audience der one of the windows. and, as they demands from a reciter a story of every are for use rather than ornament, their day existence, something which every appearance does not enhance the beauty man and woman within hearing knows of the interior. The other day a lady who wished a room was shown to one of the most elegantly furnished in the hotel. As soon as her eye rested on the fire escape she turned to the clerk: "I mever yet challenged public criticism.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who, by the will not have that thing there," she said. "It is hideous." "But it is resaid. "It is hideous." "But it is required by law," he replied. "Can't you she would write me a poem adapted to recitation. She has sent it to me and I likely and with it. It is destined to Despite the most careful training on put it in the trunk room at the end of

Women Customers.

"I hate women customers," replied a saleswoman in a dry-goods store. She her plump answer.

"Why do you prefer men?" "Because they know what they want, one woman. I am going to try to get place where women do not have to deal with women."—tillsburg Dispatch.

A curious lawsuit is in progress in a treatment to which persons arrested as small town in Saxony. A man caught written to me asking for the first copy, spies are subjected in Germany: "Some a rat, tied a small bell round its neck, five or six years ago a Belgian subject and let it go again, as he had heard was arrested in Germany on suspicion that such a rat would scare every other to my letter asking him if I might dedi No trustworthy evidence ed, and his house in a few days was against him was forthcoming, and the clear of the plague. A few nights later, charge was sustained merely by the tes-

appetite and went away hungry. I have on an average five patients a day who visit my shop for an appetizer.—Kingston (N. Y.) Freeman.

Comes more and more saferous, and a deposit of salt is in course of formation. In time this gulf will be cut off from the train was late. I think he is a very remarkable actor. He has a peculiar and become an extensive salt bed.

MRS. POTTERS' VIEWS.

HER CONTEMPLATED TRIP TO PARIS. An Interview with New York's Favorite Areateur Actress - A New American



very elastic temperament. By the way, Munzig, a very brilliant artist, who was originally from Boston, but who has spent most of his time in Europe, has reached New York with a partially finished portrait of me, which is, from an MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER. "Yes," said Mrs. James Brown Potter, artistic standpoint, a very remarkable production. It is in the Van Dyke mana few days ago, "I am going to France for the winter." She had just returned ner, and I am in Henri Quatre costume from a six-mile walk around Tuxedo The artist has taken a studio in Washington square. I am very willing to go down to posterity as this man has paint-"Have you any special plans for your ason in Paris?"
"No, none at all. I shall devote the which had pleased the taste of the Prince of Wales at Cowes last Summer, she winter to study and sight-seeing. My seemed more than worthy of all the little daughter goes with me. She has praise which has been accorded her reforgotten all the French she used to markable beauty. "It is not," she conknow and I want her to recall it."
"There is a general impression, Mrs. Potter, that you are going on the stage. Do you care to say anything about it?" "No. I am in receipt continually of large offers from managers, but, as I said But my uncle, you know, is at present before, I have no plans for the future be yond a few months' study in Paris."
"Will you not give me some of your impressions of English society?" 'I do not care to. You see I was received there with so much cordiality that I do not feel at liberty to make public the impressions I derived. I can frankly cle in Norway. We were looking for the midnight sun and found starvation. We were snowed up for a long time and had nothing to eat for thirty-six hours. I shall leave New York for France on the Gascoigne on the 6th of November.

to be true in conception if not in fact.

Lippincotts, of Philadelphia, will bring

out the little volume about the 1st of December. I have had to write to the

American authors whose peams I use for

permission to publish their verses. I am in receipt of some delightful letters. Whittier, Saxe and John Hay are among

those who have written me. The latter sent me a most charming note. His 'Jim

Bludsoe' I am very fond of, as I am a

Southerner, you know. The Prince of Wales never tired of this piece and often

Wales never tired or this piece asked me to recite it. Mr. Hay, among asked me to recite it. Mr. hay, among that when he heard

other things, wrote that when he heard Charlotte Cushman recite 'Jim Bludsoe'

he wondered who wrote it. Mr. Gilder's

'After Sorrow's Night' was also very

popular in England. It was surprising

to me to find the English so enthusiastic

about my simple method of delivery

They seem to admire a quiet and sub-dued manner in an elocutionist much

more than do my own countrymen. A

peculiar thing happened to me not long

ago. A Mrs. Runcie, from somewhere

out West, called on me one day and said that she had traveled 2,000 miles to ask

'ne to use her poems in my recitations.
have chosen for my book a poem by
her called 'To My Love,' which I think
will please the public. I think my collection ought to be very useful to ama-

teur elocutionists, as it is the result of years of sifting from hundreds of recita-

tive poems. The Prince of Wales has

which shall be sent him. I am going to

dedicate the little volume to Browning

cate my book to him I received to-day

from home, but I make haste to answer

that I shall be honored and (what is bet-

to give me that I have not wholly drop-

ped from out that admirable memory of yours. I was much amused at the inter-

est Mr. Browning took in Chicago. He

piled me with questions at a dinner one evening about Chicago, and seemed to

feel that his poetry was more fully ap-

preciated in that city than anywhere else

ing man. Of all my mementos of England I value his letters and the pins

given me by the Prince of Wales the

"What do you think of Wilson Bar

"Oh, I admire him very much. He

America. Mr. Browning is a charm-

ter) gratified by the proof you propos

the list?" was asked.

say, however, that English society has many delightful features. The Princess of Wales is the most gracious woman I ever met. She is both beautiful in person and sweet in disposition. London is so different from New York. In London I felt all the time as though I were at a great pleasure resort. There was Meanwhile I have a great many duties none of that bustle and excitement which engaging my attention. You know I am publishing a book of recitations for the body seemed to have time to amuse themuse of amateurs. It will contain about selves. There is something fascinating seventy-five pieces which are, in my opinion, especially fitted to interest an audience. An audience doesn't care to listen to long descriptions. No matter on a large scale the social atmosphere of London."-N. Y. Warld. HOW ANTS LIVE.

Their Love of Cleanliness and Their Modes of Burlal.

In spite of the multifarious duties and tasks that are imposed on these tiny burglars, they still find time to clean and adorn their worthy little persons, says a writer in the Cosmopolitan. No "And "Ostler Jo, you have him on spot, no atom of dust or anything else "Oh, yes; and a few poems which have uncleanly will they tolerate on their bodies. They get rid of the dirt with the brushy tufts on their feet or with their tongue. They act, for all the world, like domestic cats when they clean and lick themselves; and they assist one another at the toilet precisely like monkeys. Their sense of cleanliness goes so far that the naturalist often finds, to his unpleasant surprise, the colored marks that he had applied with so much care on his "trial ants" re-moved by their dirt-hating friends. woman who errs. The poem is both musical and dramatic and will be one of the striking features of my book. The

They keep their dwelling just as cleanly. But the conveying away of their deceased brethren, whose dead bodies they appear to regard with the greatest antipathy, gives them more trouble than anything else. When some members of an ant community, which Mr. Cook kept imprisoned, died and could not be removed, those remaining seemed af-fected with the greatest horror. For days the insects ran about seeking a way out, and ceased only when completely exhausted. The ants belonging to the componetus species seized the dead and threw them into a water-pail, which they converted into a sepulcher. Ordinarily, though, the ants are said to treat their dead with more reverence. They even possess their own graveyards, which lie in the vicinity of their nests. They convey their deceased companions thither, where they lay them down in

orderly little heaps or in rows. It is only the corpses of their fellows, however, that they treat in this manner. Dead strangers they throw out like something unclean, or tear the body in pieces. Even between the master and slaves of the same com-munity Miss Treat says she has observed a dissimiliar mode of burial. While the masters find their last repose in a special graveyard, side by side, the slaves lie like heaped-up refuse near the nest, despised equally in death as in

The ant cemeteries are often thickly populated, for their life is short. The male lives only through one summer; the females live somewhat longer, and the workers die of old age in the 8th or 10th most charming note. He says: "Your pleasant piece of kindness finds me away

> The American Exposition Building in London is to be 210 feet wide and 1,000 feet long. There are are to be several smaller structures, including an art gallery capable of holding 3,000 pictures. The main building will cover five acres, and is to be constructed of steel rails and corrugated iron. The use of steel rails in structures of this kind is a new idea, but has received the approval of eminent engineers. It enables the builders to put up or take down a building so constructed in a very short time.

> King Menilek of Shoa, a vassal of King John of Abyssinia, makes all the priests at his capital wear the uniform of Italian grenadiers, and his favorite amusement is playing with paper balloons and blowing penny